



A TOP
QUALITY
COMIC

WHIP WILSON

NO 1

10¢



CHARLIE
RICHARD
KING

THE \$10,000 CHALLENGE ONLY JOE WEIDER DARES TO MAKE!

MY GUARANTEE! Use my system for training and you will gain twice as much muscle and triple your power in less than half the time it would take if you followed any other method.



"The Muscle Builder"
"Trainer of the Champions"

"MR. AMERICA"
"MR. UNIVERSE"

CLANCY BOSS, world's best developed man, says: "You can be a scoundrel of mighty muscles — with power coming out of every pore in your power-packed, jet-charged body! Do what I did — what thousands of other famous Weider-trained champions did — follow Weider as your leader — mail that coupon for your FREE TRIAL COURSE TODAY!"



CLANCY BOSS: Mass of power-packed muscles — mighty 20-inch arms, 20-inch chest, shoulders of iron a yard wide!

ONLY 7 SHORT WEEKS TO
THAT DYNAMIC, RUGGED HE-MAN
BODY YOU ALWAYS WANTED

**ADD 3 INCHES OF STEEL-LIKE
MUSCLES TO YOUR ARMS...
4 "POWER PACKED" INCHES OF MUSCLES TO YOUR CHEST!**

Says JOE WEIDER, "The Muscle Builder" and "Trainer of the Champions"

In half the time, with twice the ease, in the privacy of your own room, in just a few minutes daily, I will, through my TRIPLE-PROGRESSION COURSE, slap inches of steel muscles to your pipe-stem arms, pack your chest with power and sin, give you life-guard shoulders, dynamic, speedy athletic legs — add jet-charged strength to every muscle in your body. I don't care if you're

short or tall, skinny or fat, office-worker, laborer, school-boy, or businessman, I must make a new virile hero out of you, and also... help build "inner strength" that will give you that virile look, that women admire and men envy. Here's what I did for Clancy Boss, one of the many thousands of workings I turned into He-Men.

A-C-T-I-O-N

IS THE KEY TO STRENGTH! MAKE YOUR FIRST HE-MAN DECISION TO-DAY! Rush in this coupon for your free trial course. You have nothing to lose but your weakness.

AMAZING FREE TRIAL OFFER

Don't miss this once-in-a-lifetime opportunity
**LET ME PROVE TO YOU, AT MY
OWN EXPENSE, EVERYTHING
I SAY CAN BE DONE!**

FREE MUSCLE BUILDING TRIAL OFFER. Fill out coupon and mail to me. I'll rush you my CLANCY BOSS course, filled with exercises, training secrets, heroic photos of mighty champions and private advice on how you can become a muscle star next! This sensational offer is good only 50 males between 22 and 35 in several good towns.



NOTHING TO BUY!
YES, THAT'S RIGHT!

JOE WEIDER
801 Parkside Avenue, Boise City, N. I.

Dept. 93-10A

Shout the words. Just rush me my FREE INTRODUCTORY POWER-PACKED, MUSCLE-BUILDING COURSE. (I enclose only 10¢ to cover cost of handling and mailing.) I am under no obligation.

NAME _____ AGE _____

ADDRESS _____

CITY _____ STATE _____

In Canada Mail to Joe Weider 4436 Colonial Ave., Mont. Que. Canada.

WHIP WILSON is published by F. W. Enterprises, Inc., 62 West 47th Street, Room 206, New York 36, N. Y. Names of characters used in fiction, humorous, and semi-fictional material are fictitious and any resemblance to persons living or dead is purely coincidental. Reproduction in part or whole is prohibited. Reprinted in U. S. A.

WHIP

WILSON

OKAY, WILSON! THAT STUMBLE JUST COST YOU AND THAT NOSEY KID YOUR LIVES... DON'T REACH FOR YOUR RAWHIDE--YOU CAN'T BEAT MY SIX-GUNS... SO DON'T TRY!

The
**MARK
OF THE
WHIP!**

7428

EVENING, IN THE KUGSET CITY JAIL HOUSE...

GLAD YUH DROPPED AROUND, STEVE! IT GETS MIGHTY LONESOME IN HERE COME NIGHTTIME!

I RECKON SO! HOW COME THEY MURDERIN' YARMINT, CAME HORRIS, AIN'T SAID A WORD SINCE WE BEEN PLAYIN'?

I RECKON THE THOUGHT OF THET NOOSE TIGHTENIN' 'ROUND HIS NECK TOMORROW DON'T MAKE HIM FEEL MUCH LIKE SINGIN'! HE TURNED DOWN HIS LUNCH AN' SUPPER TODAY!

MEbbe HE FIGGERS HE KID CHEAT THE ROPE BY STARVIN' HISSSELF TO DEATH! LET'S GET A LOOK AT HIM, BEN!

WH...??! BY JUDAS, AIN'T THAT A BELT SLUNG AROUND HIS NECK?

DERNED IF IT AIN'T! HE CHEATED THE ROPE AFTER ALL! HURRY UP AN' OPEN THE CELL DOOR, BEN!





SECONDS LATER CABE NORRIS BALLOPS MADLY AWAY...



THE EARTH SHAKES UNDER THE THUNDERING HOOPS OF
A QUICKLY FORMED POSSE...



EARLY NEXT MORNING A LONE
HORSEMAN POISES SILENTLY ON A BLUFF
OVERLOOKING FIVE MILE RIVER!

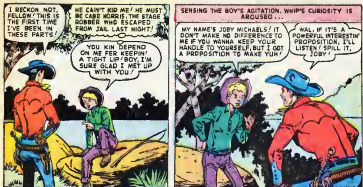


UH-OH! DOESN'T LOOK LIKE
THE KID'S TOO HAPPY
AFTER ALL!



I GON'T MEAN TO BE
HOSEY, YOUNG FELLER,
BUT MAYBE I KIN
HELP! WHAT'S
WRONG?





WHIP INSTINCT GALVANIZES WHIP WILSON'S NERVES INTO ACTION AS A WINCHESTER SLUG SEARS THROUGH THE AIR...



RAISE 'EM UP, BOTH OF YUH! I'M CABE NORRIS AN' I AIM TO BEEF YOU COLD IF YOU TAKE ONE MORE STEP FORWARD!



BANG! BANG! BANG!
ZZZZIINNGG!



THAT'S THE KIND OF VARMINT YOU WERE GOIN' TO TIE UP WITH, JOBY! I'M GONNA LEAVE YOU HERE WITH A SIX-GUN WHILE I TRY TO GET BEHIND HIM! CAN YOU HANDLE YOURSELF, SON?



WHIP CAREFULLY EDGES HIS WAY TO THE BACK END OF THE ABANDONED MINE... BEHIND THE ENTRANCE WHERE CABE NORRIS IS ENTRENCHED!



CABE'S AT THE MAIN ENTRANCE! ALL THESE SIDE TUNNELS MUST CONVERGE ON THE MAIN TUNNEL SOMEWHERE ALONG THE WAY!... I SURE HOPE I'M PICKIN' THE SHORTEST CUT THROUGH!



WITH UNERRING INSTINCT, WHIP WILSON CAUTIOUSLY THREADS HIS WAY THROUGH AMAZE OF INTRICATE, CRISS-CROSSING PASSAGES WITHIN THE HEART OF THE MUSTY OLD MINE...



MEANWHILE, THE CRAFTY, COLD-BLOODED OUTLAW HAS SNAKED HIS WAY BEHIND SOME GREASEWOOD CLUMPS...



AS A STEEL FINGER TIGHTENS ABOUT THE TRIGGER, A LASHING, STINGING DEADLY LENGTH OF RAWHIDE FLICKS OUT LIKE THE TENTACLE OF AN OCTOPUS...

SAVE YOUR ROUNDS, MORRIS--YOU WERE DRAWIN' A BEAD ON A YOUNG BOY! LET'S SEE WHAT YOU CAN DO AGAINST A MAN!

WH...??

SNAP!

WHY, YOU ORNERLY WHIP-WIELDIN' COYOTE! FILL YOUR HAND OR I'LL SIEVE YOU AS YOU STAND!

A WHIP'S THE ONLY LANGUAGE DOGS AN' COYOTES SAVVY, MORRIS! I WOULDN'T WASTE GOOD LEAD ON YOU!

WITH THE SPEED OF LIGHT, WHIP WILSON DUCKS A FUSILLADE OF SIX-GUN LEAD AS HIS AVENGING WHIP COILS FOR ANOTHER STRIKE...

TAKE IT AND DIE, WILSON!

BANG!
BANG!
BANG!

GET YORE HIDE READY FOR A TANNIN', MORRIS!

AGAIN THE BATTLE HONORED WHIP SINGS A VICIOUS ORGE OF SAVAGERY AS IT MIRACULOUSLY SNAKES AROUND NOT ONE GUN, BUT TWO...

I'M GETTING READY TO TAKE YOU BY HAND, MORRIS!

I'LL KILL YOU, YOU PIG-STICKIN' RATTLER! I'LL...
OFF!!

THAT'S FER CALLIN' ME NAMES THAT BELONG TO YOUR OWN BREED O' REPTILE! THERE'S MORE COMIN' TO YOU, SO GET YOUR BREATH!

UGHH!

RAISE EM, AMIGO! I'M GONNA KILL YOU SLOW AN' EASY! I'M GONNA LET YOU LOOK DOWN INTO THIS BARREL AND COUNT ONE SLUG COMIN' OUT!



WITH CERTAIN DEATH STARING AT HIM, WHIP WILSON WATCHES HIS SNAKELIKE OPPONENT FOR THE SLIGHTEST OPENING...



KEEP A'WATCHIN', AMIGO! I'M ENJOYIN' THIS LAST SECOND OF YORE LIFE!

JDBY! WHERE'S JOBY? CAN THAT KID BE REALLY THIN'KIN' OF SIDIN' WITH THIS KILLER?

SUDDENLY THE SHARP CRACK OF A WINCHESTER, FOLLOWED BY THE DEADLY WHINE OF A FATEFUL BULLET, ENDS WHIP WILSON'S DOUBTS...



HE DID IT! THAT MIXED-UP YOUNG HAVERICK SURE CAME THROUGH! GOODBY, JDBY!

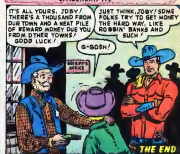
ARRGH! WHHAM!

HOW'D I DO, WHIP? DID I GET HIM PLUMB CENTER?



YOU SURE DID, JOBY, AN' I'M MIGHTY GRATEFUL! I GOT AN IDEA THE SHERIFF WOULD LIKE TO KNOW ABOUT THIS... LET'S HEAD FOR TOWN!

AN HOUR LATER A GRATEFUL TOWN SENDS A HAPPY BOY ON HIS WAY TO A LIFE OF DECENCY AND GOOD CITIZENSHIP...



IT'S ALL YOURS, JDBY! THERE'S A THOUSAND FROM OUR TOWN AND A MEAT PILE OF REWARD MONEY DUE YOU FROM OTHER TOWNS! GOOD LUCK!

JUST THINK, JOBY! SOME FOLKS TRY TO GET MONEY THE HARD WAY, LIKE ROBBIN' BANKS AND SUCH!

G-GOSH!

SHERIFF'S OFFICE

THE END



READ I.W. COMICS
THEY ARE TOP QUALITY COMICS



Albert Dorne—probably the greatest money-maker in the history of commercial art. At the height of his career, he began a full-time search for people who like to draw.

He's Looking for People Who Like to Draw

TODAY HUNDREDS of men and women who never thought they could be artists are working happily at easels and drawing boards, making pictures, and getting well paid for it. They all can thank Albert Dorne, a famous artist who devotes almost his full time to helping other people become artists.

Some of the people Dorne has helped

Don Smith of New Orleans is an example. A few years ago, he knew nothing about art, even doubted he had talent. Now he is an illustrator with a large advertising agency.

John Buskett is another. He was a pipefitter's helper in a big gas company. Today he still works for the same company, but as an artist in the advertising department, with a big increase in pay.

Harriet Kuzniowski was bored with an "ordinary" job before she heard of Albert Dorne. Today she does high-style fashion illustration in New York.

With the right training, Wanda Pickulski gave up her typing job to become fashion artist for a local department store.

John Whitaker of Memphis was an airline clerk two years ago. Recently he won a national cartooning contest and was signed to do a newspaper comic strip.

Long before Albert Dorne started looking for people who like to draw, they came to him for advice and help. Since he alone could only help a few of these people he called together America's most successful artists—men like Norman Rockwell, Jon Whitcomb, Sievan Dobanos and Al Parker.

A Plan To Help Others

He said: "All over America, there are people who like to draw, who could be turned into good artists. Why can't we give these people the training they need—including all the trade secrets and know-how

we've learned over the years? I'm suggesting a new kind of school—a home-study art school that would give talented people the best professional art training, no matter where they live."

The famous artists agreed. Taking time from their busy careers, they spent several years creating a remarkable series of art lessons covering every aspect of drawing and painting. They illustrated their lessons with over 5,000 "here's-how" illustrations. The lessons start from scratch and cover every skill a top artist needs. Finally, the famous artists developed a wonderful way to bring to each student personalized correction and advice every step of the way.

Albert Dorne is not surprised by the success of his students. "The art field is growing. We keep getting calls from all over the country, asking us for practical well-trained students who can step into full-time or part-time art jobs."

Famous Artists Talent Test

To find others with art talent worth developing, the famous artists created a 12-page talent test. Thousands paid \$1 for this test, but now the School offers it free and will grade it free. If you show talent on the test, you will be eligible for training by the School. No obligation. Simply mail coupon. It might be your first step to an exciting, well-paid career in art.

America's 10 Most Famous Artists

Norman Rockwell	Fred Lusk
Jon Whitcomb	Ben Stahl
Al Parker	Robert Fawcett
Sievan Dobanos	Alexis Helge
Doug Klingman	Harold Van Schmidt
Peter Selig	Albert Dorne

FAMOUS ARTISTS SCHOOLS

Studio 2654 Westport, Conn.

I would like to find out whether I have art talent worth developing. Please send me, without obligation, your Famous Artists Talent Test.

Mr. _____
 Mrs. _____ Age _____
 Miss (please print) _____
 Address _____
 City _____ State _____
 County _____ State _____

WHIP

WILSON

I MISCALCULATED MY MY DIRECTION! THAT'S BIG INJUN DESERT! I CAN'T CROSS IT-- I JES CAN'T!

YOU'LL NEVER KNOW HOW RIGHT YOU ARE, HAWK-- YOU MISCALCULATED THE DAY YOU SHOT AND KILLED JES GAVIS-- NOW IT'S JUST YOU, THE DESERT...AND ME!

**DUEL
IN THE
DESERT!**

A GREAT CHAWING FEAR TWISTED AND CHURNED INSIDE THE HAWK'S STOMACH AS HE STARED THROUGH RED RIMMED, CUST WHIPPED EYES AT THE VAST, FORBIDDING, LONELY EXPANSE OF TREACHEROUS DESERT THAT STRETCHED FOR MILES AHEAD OF HIM! BEHIND HIM LAY THE BODY OF THE PROSPECTOR HE HAD KILLED FOR TWO SACKS OF PRECIOUS GOLD! BEHIND HIM WHIP WILSON'S RELENTLESS APPETITION WAS RIDING TO AVENGE THE PROSPECTOR'S DEATH!

7549

INDISCUSSION TRANSLATED ITSELF INTO GUMB FEAR!

WILSON'S COMIN' AFTER ME FAST! WHAT'LL I DO? I GOTTA EITHER STRIKE ACROSS THE DESERT OR STAY BACK HERE AN TAKE MY CHANCES FIGHTIN' HIM!

I WATCHED OL' JES GAVIS PAN THIS GOLD FER ALMOST A YEAR BEFORE I LIFTED IT FROM HIS CARCASS! NOBODY'S TAKIN' THIS GOLD AWAY FROM ME NOW! NOBODY!

SUDDENLY, STARK FEAR AND RAGE SHATTERED HIS COMPOSURE COMPLETELY!

ALLRIGHT, YER TALLER GHOST! COME AN' GIT ME! C'MON AN GIT A TASTE OF SIX-GUN LEAD! YER AINT CHASH THE HAWK ACROSS THE DESERT! NOT ME! I'M SONNA STAY HERE AN KILL YER, WILSON!





GIT UP, DAWSON! YORE NICE! JEST GET US ACROSS THIS DESERT AN' I'LL SET YOU OUT TO PASTURE FER THE REST OF YORE COMFORT LIFE/GIT UP!



FREEZED DESPERATION NOW GIPPED THE TERROR-STRIKEN MAN...

I'LL MAKE IT ON MY OWN! I'LL GIT ACROSS THIS BLASTED DESERT WITH MY SOLO AN' LIVE TO LAUGH AT WILSON'S BONES TURNIN' TO DUST!



SAW! SAW! I'LL GIT THAR SLOW BUT SURE! THEY AIN'T NOBODY GITTIN' THE GOLD FROM ME! C'MON AFTER ME, WILSON! I GOT A LONG START ON YER!



THE OUEL OF DEATH BEGAN IN BARNS! WITH THE SUN A WITNESS, WHILE THE BARREN SANDS MOCKINGLY RECORDED THE SILENT STRUGGLE...

HE WANTED THE LIFE OF HIS HOSS JUST TO GET A LONG START! WELL, LET'S SEE WHAT HE CAN DO WITH THAT START!



HE'S GITTIN' USED! MON! HIS FEET ARE BEGINNIN' TO DRAG... AN' SURE HERE HE LAID DOWN TO REST AWHILE!



THE TRAIL BEGAN TO WAVER--PECK UP--ORZO--AND THEN PLUNGE AHEAD AGAIN AS WILSON READS THE STORY IN THE BURNING SANDS...

MISTAKE NUMBER TWO, HAWK! THAT BLANKET ROLL COULD HAVE HELPED YOU KEEP THE SUN OFF WHILE YOU RESTED! YOU'RE DIGGIN' YOUR GRAVE, MASTER!



A MILE FURTHER, AND...

MISTAKE NUMBER THREE! THERE AIN'T MUCH TO EAT ON THIS DESERT BUT THAT RAWHIDE COULD HAVE GRABBED YOU A RABBIT, OR EVEN A LIZARD!



MEANWHILE, THE BLOOD POUNDED THICKLY THROUGH THE RANKE VENS AS HIS BODY SCREAMED AGAINST FURTHER PUNISHMENT...

M--MY THROAT--MY MOUTH! CAN'T--SAVE THIS WATER MUCH LONGER! GOT TA LIGHTEN TH--THE LOAD! GOTTA GET RID OF SOMETHIN'!



T-TOO HEAVY! WATER AN' GOLD! I NEED 'EM BOTH, BUT I CAN'T TAKE 'EM BOTH!



HALLUCINATIONS BORN OF FEAR AND THIRST GRABBED HIS MIND--EXAGGERATED THEMSELVES INTO FALSE HOPES...

N-NO! I CAN'T LEAVE THE GOLD! THERE'S A WATER HOLE 'BOUT THREE MILES FURTHER! I KIN MAKE THREE MILES IF I SWALLOW THIS WATER NOW!



HALF AN HOUR LATER WHIP WILSON FOUND THE DISCARDED CANTEN--EMPTY!

HIS WATER'S GONE! THAT MEANS HE'S GONNA MAKE A LAST TRY TO REACH THE WATER HOLE SOMEWHERE NEAR HERE! I GOTTA BEAT HIM TO IT!



STRAINED MUSCLES SHOT PAINFUL WRENCHING SIG- NALS THROUGH WHIP'S BODY AS HE BIT HIS SWOLLEN TONGUE TO KEEP FROM DROPPING...

HE'S CRAWLIN' ON ALL FOURS NOW! I GOTTA MAKE THAT WATER HOLE! I'VE GOT TO!



THAT...IT...IF I KIN REACH IT, I KIN HOLD OFF AN ARMY! I KIN WATCH WILSON DIE OF THIRST! HA-HA-HA! I'M WINNIN'! I'M WINNIN'!



AN INSANE GIGGLE BURST FROM HIS CRACKED, SWOLLEN LIPS AS ALL REASON LEFT HIM AND THE THOUGHT OF WATER PERMEATED HIS MIND...

W-W-WATER! W-W-WATER!--HA-MA-HA! I GOT THE GOLD AND THE WATER! I BEAT YU, WILSON! I'M GONNA WATCH YOE BONES PICKED CLEAN BY SUZZ- ARDS, WILSON! OH, HA-HA-HA, NO! NO!



BUT THE CACEMLE DIED STILLBORN ON HIS LIPS.

N-NO! WH- WHIP WILSON!

I'VE BEEN A WAITIN' FOR YOU, HANK! ONE OF US AIN'T LEAVIN' THIS DESERT ALIVE!

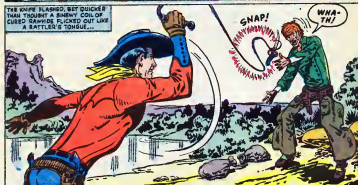


IT'S YOUR CARCASS GONNA BE THE SUZZARD BAIT, WILSON!

OKAY, HANK! YOU CALLED THE PLAY!

I'M GONNA GIVE YOU A CHANCE YOU DIDN'T GIVE JEB OATY! YOU'VE GOT A KNIFE, HANK! USE IT!





PETER'S PUZZLE PAGE

SEE IF YOU CAN CONSTRUCT
FIVE WORDS BY ADDING
TO THESE LETTERS.

QUI

1. _____
2. _____
3. _____
4. _____
5. _____



PETER HAS BEEN TRAPPED IN A CAVE BY
SOME CATTLE RUSTLERS AND HE'S HAV-
ING A HARD TIME TRYING TO FIND HIS WAY
OUT---SEE IF YOU CAN HELP HIM!



YOU CAN EASILY DRAW THIS SILHOUETTE
BY DARKENING IN THE CORRESPONDING
SQUARES.

DN



B



K

10



THER

WHAT ANIMALS DO
THESE PICTURES
REPRESENT?

ANSWERS:

1-PONKEY 2-BEAR 3-KITTEN
4-PANTHER



LAST RIDE

THE SHERIFF was strapping on his six guns when the deputy came in. He said, "The prisoners are ready, sheriff!"

Bill Hooker nodded. "Fine, Red, bring them around the front." His tone was calm, though inside him he felt the nervous excitement that always preceded trouble. Outside the combination office and jail a curious crowd had collected, waiting for the prisoners to appear. More than one face wore a harried expression. Sheriff Hooker saw his deputy leading the manacled prisoners to the waiting stagecoach and locked up his office. Outside, the four unshaven, mean-looking prisoners who had so recently robbed a series of banks, killing countless unarmed people, waited, seemingly unworried. On their faces were expressions of extreme contempt for the sheriff and his aides who had tracked them down a week ago and were bringing them to trial at the county seat.

They were part of the notorious Collins gang, a money mad group of outlaws that would fight and kill for anything valuable . . . and who had managed to elude capture until these four men were run to earth, the rest having escaped.

Andy Barlow picked his way through the crowd and came over to the sheriff. "Look, Bill," he told his friend, "we've been talking it over. Maybe you better take some of the boys along in case there's trouble."

The sheriff smiled grimly. "No, Andy, this is my job. I don't want to take any chances on anyone else getting hurt."

But Bill, you know the Collins gang isn't going to let you get through with these guys. It's two hundred miles from here to Bruxton City with a thousand places in between that are perfect spots for an ambush."

"I know."

"Then let us ride along as escort. You're going to need some extra gun hands when the Collins Gang attacks, and you can bet your boots they will!"

A small group had gathered around Andy and the sheriff, and behind them the four outlaws were taking everything in, smiling at what they knew would happen. For them it was a pleasant thought, for they knew that if they ever did go to trial, they were sure to be convicted.

The driver of the stage came out of the express office carrying a shotgun. He nodded to the sheriff and climbed aboard the stage. He called out to the clerk inside and two men dragged out the boxes that were labeled BRUXTON CITY. The outlaws looked at each other and shrugged. As far as anyone could see, this was just a bit of optimism on the part of the sheriff, expecting baggage to get through too. When the baggage was loaded Red handed the sheriff four rifles and a box of ammunition. Once again people looked at each other. Andy said, "You going to handle all those guns at once, Bill?"

This time the sheriff smiled a little differently. "I won't have to, Andy." He let it go there. The prisoners were loaded into the stage and handcuffed to hooks in the side of the seats. Unexpectedly, the sheriff climbed in with them instead of riding beside the driver, gave the signal and the stage went off in a cloud of dust kicked up by the team. Back in front of the office the people shook their heads sadly. Bill Hooker had been a good sheriff, honest and fearless, but now he had stuck his neck out too far. Someone remarked, "Might as well hold an election now, I guess. We'll never see old Bill again."

Andy shook his head. "I don't know about that. I've known Bill a long time, and if I can read

CONTINUED AFTER NEXT PAGE...

HI-POWER BINOCULARS

SEE UP TO 18 MILES

Powerful folding Opera Glasses fit into pocket or purse. Center eye piece adjustment. Worth many times low introductory price. Comparable to models selling for \$4.95.

NOW ONLY

50¢

Postpaid.
Limit 2
to a customer.

BRUCE SALES CO., Dept. SC-1Q
42 W. 47th Street, New York 36, N.Y. Room 206
Please send me Hi-Power Binoculars.

☐ 1 for 50¢ ☐ 2 for \$1.00

Limit 2 to a customer.

I enclose: ☐ Cash ☐ Check ☐ Money Order
Sanyo, Inc. C.O.D.'s.

NAME _____

ADDRESS _____

CITY _____ ZONE _____ STATE _____

Hi-Power Sling-Shot

with built-in RANGE FINDER!

Every child will have thrills galore with this new beautifully constructed sling-shot. This powerhouse sling-shot has quadrangular slings, giving you many times more pull than ordinary sling-shots.

Built-In Sight For Accuracy

An optical cross-bar range-finder is built right into the handle. It lets you sight targets, gives you greater shooting accuracy. Some type as used on cameras and rifles. Also has enduring leather pouch and brass rivets to anchor slings. Well balanced for superior accuracy. Pistol grip of light yet enduring wood. Sturdy!

WARNING: The sling-shot is an instrument of skill and has been used by children from the beginning of time as a wonderful pastime. But like a rifle, gun, blowpipe, or any other instrument ejecting a missile, it must never be used against any living person or animal, or for destruction of property. Your purchase of our sling-shot makes you honor-bound to respect these high ideals!

Only
\$1.98

MAIL
COUPON
IMMEDIATELY!



FREE!

100 Harmless
PELLETS with
each Sling-shot!

EXTRA BONUS!
500 PELLETS Only \$1

As a special bonus, with the purchase of this amazing new sling-shot, you may place an order for 500 extra pellets for only \$1! This is a limited-time offer only.

Order NOW and be SURE!!!

Sling-shot, Dept. SC-1 No C.O.D.'s
42 W. 47th Street, New York 36, N.Y. Room 206

Gentlemen:

Please send immediately high-power sling-shot with 100 free pellets. I am enclosing \$1.98.

☐ Check here for additional 500 pellets. Enclose extra \$1.

Name _____

Address _____

City _____ Zone _____ State _____

Enclosure orders: Send \$2.35 money order, with extra pellets, \$3.35.

signs, he's got something up his sleeve!"

In the stagecoach outside of town, the four outlaws were beginning to think the same thing too. Their faces were scowling, and they looked at each other, knowing that every move the stage made would be watched, and before long the expected rescue would come. The sheriff was sitting back calmly, fondling the rifles, loading shells into the chambers.

Then he spoke. "It'll come soon, don't you think?"

One of the outlaws bared his teeth in a grimace. "You're not kidding. And when it does don't expect to walk away from here. This is your last ride!"

"Maybe not," the sheriff told him. "Did you see those boxes we loaded on?" There was a sudden silence. The sheriff went on, "Those boxes are carrying gold. Fifty thousand dollars worth. You know what that means?"

The men leaned forward tensely, half knowing what the answer would be. "What?" The question was sharp, worried.

"I let the word leak out that we were carrying a pay load, mister. You think your friends will be after that gold . . . or you?"

"They'll get us out of this. They won't let you get through with that dough!" The outlaw's voice was shrill. "You just made it all the more important for them to come after us!"

"That so?" The sheriff gave them a long stare. "They won't be wanting to split with you guys on a deal like that. The more of you out of the way, the more they get. So when they come after us, they'll be shooting at you as well as me. See what I mean?"

They saw all right. It was written plainly on their faces. "What . . . what are you going to do . . . you have to protect us! We'll be shot down in cold blood!"

For an answer, the sheriff handed out the rifles with one hand, while he cradled his six shooter in the other. "Take one," he said, "It's your garty from now on. The way those handcuffs are made, you have enough play in them to shoot out the windows, but not swing around toward me. Just remember, I have a gun here too! If you want to stand trial, then pick your targets carefully." He nodded toward a hillside. "And do it now, be-

cause here they come."

There was a sudden grab for the guns as the horde of bandits came streaking down the hill toward the coach. The driver yelled to the horses and urged them to greater speed. It was evident that a rescue wasn't what the outlaws were after, for they opened fire on the stage at once. Rifles and six guns spat leaden death as the horses moved closer to the coach.

Only when the bandits were well within range was there an answering burst of fire from the stage. A hail of slugs knocked men from their horses as the prisoners in the stage fought for their life. They levered shells into the rifles as the sheriff handed them ammunition, screaming with fury as their erstwhile companions tried to pick them off.

The sheriff did nothing but watch, keeping an eye on his prisoners and one on the outlaws behind them. A withering stream of fire poured from the stage time after time with unerring accuracy, until the ranks of the mounted outlaws had thinned considerably. They couldn't understand it, for never before had a stage been armed with so many sharpshooters.

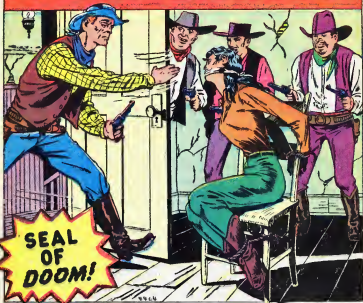
Buster Collins himself was in the lead, with his kill-crazy brother riding directly behind him. They fanned out and tried to encircle the coach, but the rifle fire picked them off. Buster spurred his horse and crept up on the stage, then a bullet caught him squarely in the chest and he went down screaming. His brother took over, drawing the men in around him, pumping shot after shot at the coach. But their aim wasn't nearly as good as the return fire.

There was but a handful of them left when they decided to call it quits and take to the hills. Inside the stage the sheriff collected the guns and stacked them in a corner. His prisoners were shaken and disgusted at the whole thing, but Bill Hooker was in fine spirits. When he got back home he'd round up a posse and collect the rest of the outlaws . . . and this time there wouldn't be any attempted rescue. He grinned at his sweating cargo. "You guys make fine deputies," he said.

They gave him a sorry look. "Aw, shut up," one said.

THE END

SPEED LARSON

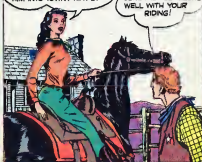


SPEED LARSON, THE FIGHTING SHERIFF IS IN A GAY MOOD THIS DAY!

FOR HIS NIECE, MARY LARSON, IS VISITING HIM! NEITHER HE NOR HIS NIECE COULD KNOW OF THE SOMBER SHADOW THAT SOON WOULD CROSS THEIR PATHS!



UNCLE SPEED, I'M GETTING TO LOVE MIDNIGHT AND HE LOVES ME, TOO! MAY I RIDE HIM INTO TOWN? MAY I?

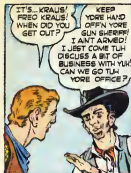


WELL, MARY CHILD I SUPPOSE IT WILL BE ALL RIGHT! YOU CERTAINLY GET ALONG WELL WITH YOUR RIDING!

OH, THANKS UNCLE SPEED! GOOD-BYE!

GOOD-BYE! OH, YES! WHAT IS IT, MISTER?





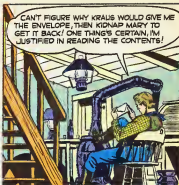


DESPERATELY WORRIED BECAUSE A FALSE MOVE MIGHT COST THE LIFE OF HIS YOUNG NIECE, THE FIGHTING SHERIFF TAKES WHAT PRECAUTIONS HE CAN...



YOU TWO WILL STAY THERE! IF ANYTHING HAPPENS TO MARY, YOU'LL BE IN PLENTY OF HOT WATER!

BUT WE TOLD YA THE TRUTH, SO HELP ME!



CAN'T FIGURE WHY KRAUS WOULD GIVE ME THE ENVELOPE, THEN KIDNAP MARY TO GET IT BACK! ONE THING'S CERTAIN, I'M JUSTIFIED IN READING THE CONTENTS!

MINUTES AFTER EXAMINING THE ENVELOPE'S CONTENTS, SPEED LARSON IS ON THE TRAIL...



ON BOY, ON! AND LET'S PRAY WE'RE NOT TOO LATE!



QUIET NOW, BOY! DON'T MAKE A SOUND 'TILL I RETURN TO YOU!



THIS ONE OPENS! IF I'M IN LUCK I'LL GET INSIDE WITH-
-OUT BEING SEEN!



BEST IF I START AT THE CELLAR AND WORK STRAIGHT UP TO THE ATTIC IF NEED BE!



STEALTHILY THE FIGHTING SHERIFF INSPECTS THE CELLAR! THEN FINALLY HE REACHES THE DOOR TO THE ROOT CELLAR, A DARK DRY PLACE FOR STORING VEGETABLES...

UH!... WHAT'S THAT! A BODY INSIDE THERE!



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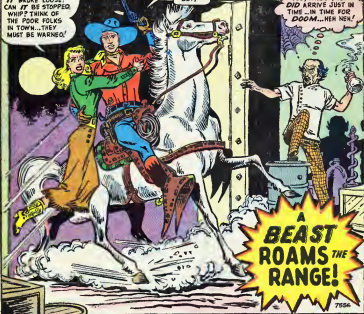
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WHIP WILSON

THANK HEAVENS
YOU ARRIVED BEFORE
IT BROKE LOOSE!
CAN IT BE STOPPED,
WHIP? THINK OF
THE POOR FOLKS
IN TOWN...THEY
MUST BE WARNED!

IF I DIDN'T SEE IT WITH MY
OWN EYES I'D NEVER HAVE BELIEVED
IT!...EASY, BULLET...CALM DOWN,
BOY!

YES, WILSON, YOU
DID ARRIVE JUST IN
TIME...IN TIME FOR
DOOM...HEH HEH!



AN EERIE MOON BATHES THE PLAINS IN
A GHOSTLY INCANDESCENT GLOW AS WHIP
WILSON SQUATS NEAR HIS LONELY CAMP
FIRE!



SUDDENLY, THE STILLNESS OF
THE NIGHT IS PIERCED BY A
BLOODCURDLING SHRIEK!

EE YAAAAAAA!

WH...??!
SOUNDS LIKE
SOMEONE'S IN
A HEAP OF
TROUBLE!



JUMPIN' CANNONBALLS! THOSE SCREAMS
ARE COMING FROM UP ALONG THE RIDGE
OF THAT PLATEAU! OUG THEM HOOF'S IN,
BULLET BOY!

YA-A-A-A-A-E-E-E-E-E!





HELP!
HELP!

IT'S A GAL, AH!
SHE'S HEADIN'
RIGHT FOR US,
BULLET! HER HORSE
IS GONE PLUMB
LDCD! GIGGAR,
BOY!



REIN HIM IN, MA'AM! TAKE HIS
HEAD BACK HARD! LOOKOUT!



IT MUSTN'T TOUCH
ME! DON'T LET IT
GET ME!

EASY NOW, MA'AM!
YOU'RE GONNA
BE ALL RIGHT!



BACK AT THE CAMP FIRE, HOT COFFEE REVIVES THE
FEAR-STRUCK GIRL!

OH, I DON'T KNOW HOW
TO THANK YOU! IT WAS
SO SHASTLY... SO
HORRIBLE!

YOU CAN TALK AFTER
YOU FEEL BETTER, MA'AM!
I'M GLAD TO BE OF
SERVICE!



I'M MIGHTY CURIOUS TO
FIND OUT WHAT SCARED YOU
SO, MA'AM! WHAT'S THIS IT
YOU WERE BABBLIN' ABOUT
WHEN I GRABBED YOU OFF
YOUR HORSE?

I D-DON'T WANT TO TALK
ABOUT IT, BUT I GUESS I DO
OWE YOU A DEBT OF
GRATITUDE! MY NAME IS
NORA CARLIN! I'VE JUST RUN
AWAY FROM A TERROR WHICH
HAS BEEN HAUNTING ME FOR
MONTHS!



I HAVE NO MOTHER! MY FATHER, JOHN
CARLIN, LACKED THE STRENGTH OF
CHARACTER NECESSARY TO MAKE OUR
LIVES SECURE! HE'S ADDICTED TO
D-DRINK... DRINK THAT HAS ROBBED
US BOTH OF OUR SELF RESPECT!



"MANY MONTHS AGO HE TOOK A JOB WITH
A DOCTOR NAMED MORROW! I WENT WITH
HIM AGAINST MY WILL..."

I DON'T LIKE IT, DAD!
WHY ARE WE COMING
HERE? WHAT KIND OF
WORK CAN BE GOING
ON HERE IN THIS
REMOTE
WILDERNESS?

DON'T WORRY SO
MUCH, NORA! DR.
MORROW IS A
FINE MAN, EVEN
THOUGH HE MAY
SEEM A BIT
ECCENTRIC! I'M
SURE THE WORK
WILL BE INTERESTING!



"DR. MORROW WAS MORE THAN
JUST ECCENTRIC! THERE WAS A WILD,
VACANT STARE IN HIS EYES AND IN
THE WEEKS THAT FOLLOWED I
NEVER LEARNED THE KIND OF WORK
HE DID!"

WHERE'S YOUR FATHER,
MY DEAR? I WANT HIM
TO BE THE FIRST TO
SEE THE RESULTS
OF MY
EXPERIMENTS!

I D-DON'T
KNOW
WHERE HE
IS, DOCTOR! I
HAVEN'T SEEN
HIM ALL DAY!

DON'T TALK TO MY DAUGHTER ABOUT IT, DOCTOR! I JUST SAW IT! I'M LEAVING AT ONCE! PACK YOUR THINGS, NORA!

ARE YOU MAD, JOHN? YOU CAN'T LEAVE NOW WHEN I NEED YOU SO BADLY! DON'T BE A FOOL!



NOTHING IN THE WORLD CAN KEEP ME HERE! I'M A WORTHLESS DRUNKARD, BUT I STILL HAVE SOME SEMBLANCE OF SELF RESPECT! I DON'T WANT TO BE ASSOCIATED WITH THE HORROR YOU'RE CREATING HERE!

COME NOW, JOHN! YOU'RE TALKING LIKE A CHILD! WHAT YOU NEED IS A LITTLE DRINK TO CALM YOU DOWN!



DON'T DRINK IT, DAD! DON'T LET HIM EN-SLAVE YOU WITH THAT TERRIBLE STUFF! OH, DON'T YOU SEE THIS IS NOW HE'S KEEPING YOU HERE!

M-MY NERVES ARE SHOT, NORA! I NEED A LITTLE PICK UP! G-GIVE IT TO ME, DOCTOR! GIVE ME A DRINK SO THAT I CAN FORGET WHAT I SAW!



IN A FEW MINUTES, DAD WAS A HELPLESS SUBMISSIVE LIMP OF CLAY IN DOCTOR MORROW'S HANDS, AND MY OWN BENEFITMENT GREW DEEPER!



OH WHY DID YOU DO IT? WHY DID YOU TAKE ADVANTAGE OF HIS WEAKNESS?

FOR TWO REASONS, NORA! FIRST, I NEED HIM IN MY WORK HERE! SECOND, IF HE LEAVES YOU'LL LEAVE WITH HIM! I COULDN'T STAND THAT, NORA!

AS MUCH AS I DETESTED HIM, I REALIZED FOR THE FIRST TIME THAT SOMEHOW THE STRANGE MAN WAS IN LOVE WITH ME--AND I WAS AFRAID!



YES, NORA! I LOVE YOU DEEPLY, TENDERLY! MY LIFE WOULD BE COMPLETE AND HAPPY IF YOU WOULD MARRY ME!

NO, I'D NEVER DO THAT! PLEASE LEAVE ME ALONE, DOCTOR MORROW! I HATE THIS PLACE AND EVERYTHING ABOUT IT! I CAN'T WAIT TO LEAVE!

MY FATHER FELL COMPLETELY UNDER HIS INFLUENCE, BECOMING WEAKER AND WEAKER UNTIL HIS WILL POWER HAD LEFT HIM COMPLETELY!



HE WANTS TO MARRY YOU, NORA! WHY DON'T YOU DO IT? IT WOULD MAKE MY JOB SECURE! STOP LOOKING AT ME LIKE THAT, NORA! I HAVE YOUR INTEREST AT HEART!

NOT MY INTEREST, DAD, AND NOT DR. MORROW'S! YOUR OWN--WHATEVER LIQUOR YOU CAN BEG OR STEAL FROM HIM! WHAT'S GOING ON HERE, DAD? WHAT ARE YOU BOTH DOING FROM ME!

I FLED FROM THE ROOM AND UNCONSCIOUSLY BEGAN TO WALK THROUGH THE LABYRINTH OF CORRIDORS AND PASSAGEWAYS WHICH HONEYCOMBED THE STRANGE HOUSE!



THEY'RE DOING SOMETHING FROM ME! THERE'S SOMETHING IN THIS AWFUL PLACE THAT THEY DON'T WANT ME TO SEE! I'M GETTING OUT OF HERE! I'M GETTING OUT TONIGHT!

I JERKED OPEN THE HIDE DOOR AND SUDDENLY KEELER BACK UNDER THE TERRIFYING IMPACT OF THE THING I SAW WITHIN!



NO! NO! IT CAN'T BE! OHNNH! HELLP!

SOMEHOW I MANAGED TO GET OUT OF THE HOUSE! SOMEHOW I MANAGED TO SADDLE A HORSE AND GET AWAY!



WELL I RECKON I'M STILL IN THE DARK! WHAT WAS IT YOU SAW IN THAT ROOM?

IT WASN'T A ROOM! IT WAS SORT OF A SUNKEN GARDEN! DR., IT WAS GHOSTLY! A HORRIBLE NIGHTMARE! I CAN'T TELL YOU WHAT IT WAS! I WANT TO BLOT IT FROM MY MIND AND NEVER GO BACK THERE AGAIN!



AN HOUR LATER, WHIP WILSON LEAVES THE SHOCKED GIRL AT A SMALL, DOOMING HOUSE IN TOWN!



THE FOLLOWING DAY...



THERE'S A MONSTER LOOSE ON THE RANGE!

BOARD UP YOUR HOUSES AND STAY PUT, FOLKS! GIT THE WOMEN AND KIDS OFF THE STREETS! HURRY!

WHAT'S ALL THIS TALK ABOUT A MONSTER ON THE RANGE? HAS EVERYBODY GONE PLUMB LOCO?

LOCO? MISTER, YOU KIN STAY HERE IF YOU WANT TO! I'M GITTING FAR AWAY, AN' FAST, TOO! THERE'S A 'BUCKBOARD HEAD' HIT TOWN, LOADED WITH WOUNDED! WHERE YOU WON'T THINK IT'S LOCO WHEN YOU SEE 'EM!



BY JUDAS, THEY'RE RIGHT! THESE POOR CRITTERS ARE TORN UP LIKE THEY'VE BEEN JUMPED BY WOLVES!



M-MR. WILSON, I TOLD YOU SOMEBODY I'D SPEAK ABOUT THAT HORROR ON THE PLAINS! THIS IS IT! DR. MORROW WAS CREATING MONSTERS FROM ORDINARY ANIMALS! I KNOW BECAUSE I SAW THEM!

JUST A MINUTE, MISS CARLIN! LET ME GET A FEW THINGS STRAIGHT!

FIRST, WHAT KIND OF A MONSTER WAS IT YOU SAW? SECOND, WHERE ABOUTS DOES THIS FELLER MORROW HOLE UP?

I CAN'T DESCRIBE THE MONSTERS TO YOU, BUT THEY'RE HORRIBLE! DR. MORROW'S PLACE IS IN A CANYON THREE MILES OUTSIDE RUSTLER'S GULCH!



YOU'LL BE KILLED IF YOU GO THERE ALONE! I'M COMING WITH YOU! I'VE GOT TO GET MY FATHER AWAY FROM THERE!

YOU'RE STAYIN' RIGHT HERE, MISS CARLIN! DON'T SET FOOT OUTSIDE THE TOWN LIMITS TILL I GET BACK!



HALF AN HOUR LATER, WHIP WILSON THUNDERS THROUGH FOXE RIVER, SPLASHES TO THE OTHER SIDE AND HEAD TOWARD RUSTLER'S GULCH!



YOU'LL NEED THAT LITTLE DIP, BULLETS! WE'RE GONNA BE HOT AN' DRY BEFORE THIS OVER, I RECKON!

SUDDENLY, IN A BRUSH-HIDDEN ARROYO!



HOLY JUMPIN' HANNAH! THIS MUST BE IT! EASY, BUT, EASY!

GET OVER QUICK AN' DODGE HIM, FELLER! WE AIN'T CARRYIN' THE KIND OF GUNLOAD THAT CAN BRING THAT MONSTER DOWN!



...DON'T EVEN SLOW HIM DOWN! I'LL HAVE TO TRY FOR A BRAIN SHOT!



BANG! BANG!

BANG! BANG!

THE BEAST WHEELS AND STARTS A MAD CHARGE WITH THE SPEED OF AN EXPRESS AS WHIP AIMS CAREFULLY AND...



BANG! BANG!

WHEN! THAT WAS TOO CLOSE FOR COMFORT! I'D RATHER TACKLE A GRIZZLY WITH A KNIFE!



AN HOUR LATER...



THERE IT IS, BOY! I'LL HAVE TO MAKE IT ALONE FROM HERE ON! JUST SIT UP HERE AN' WAIT FOR ME, BULLET BOY!

A FEW MINUTES LATER, WHIP IS
DROPPING OVER THE SHEER WALL
THAT PROTECTS THE MANSION!

THE PLACE IS SHORE CREEPY
ENOUGH! I'LL HAVE WORK HARD AN'
FAST TO GET TO THE BOTTOM OF
THIS!



THERE'S A DOOR THAT LOOKS
LIKE IT MIGHT HARBOR THIS
MORROW FELLER! I'D BETTER
TRY IT!



WH--? WHO ARE
YOU? WHAT ARE YOU
DOING HERE?

I RECKON YOU OUGHT
TO BE ANSWERIN' THAT
QUESTION, AMIGO! JUST
WHAT ARE YOU DOIN IN
THIS ROTTEN HOLE? THERE'S
A LOT OF WOUNDED FOLKS
IN TOWN WH'D'D LIKE TO
KNOW!



GET OUT OF HERE BEFORE I KILL
YOU! GET OUT AT ONCE! I WON'T HAVE
MY PRIVACY INVADED BY BUSY-
BODIES!

STAND BACK AN' COOL
OFF OR I'LL BEEF YOU
COLD, MISTER! I'M HERE
TO GET MR. JOHN CARLIN
AND AN EXPLANATION
FOR THAT MONSTER I
JUST KILLED OUT ON THE
RANGE!



SHE TOLD YOU
THEN? I THOUGHT
SHE WOUL'D! I
DON'T CARE ANY
MORE! I HAVE
NOTHING TO LIVE
FOR WITHOUT
NORA HERE!

YOU STILL HAVEN'T
TOLD ME ANY-
THING ABOUT
THAT MONSTER
I SAW!



IT'S NO USE TRYING TO CONTINUE! COME AND
I'LL SHOW YOU WHAT I HAVE SPENT A
LIFETIME TRYING TO
DEVELOP!

LEAD THE
WAY!



WILL YOU GO IN, PLEASE? NOBODY BUT
JOHN CARLIN AND I HAVE EVER BEEN
IN THIS ROOM BEFORE! HERE IS THE
SECRET WHICH I STRUGGLED FOR
YEARS TO PERFECT!

THERE'S A STRONG
DRAFT COMIN'
THROUGH THAT
DOOR!



SUDDENLY...

THERE! FEAST YOUR EYES ON MY HANDWORK!
WITHOUT NORA HERE I'LL DEVOTE ALL MY TIME TO
MAKING MONSTERS OF EVERY ANIMAL I CAN GET
HOLD OF!

WH--?





WH-? I T-TRAPPED MYSELF!

NORA! GET BACK AGAINST THAT WALL AND KEEP DEAD STILL! MEBBE THIS BEAST WON'T NOTICE YOU! I'LL ATTRACT HIS ATTENTION!



WHIP DODGES OUT OF THE WAY OF THE FIRST HEADLONG CHARGE, SIX GUNS BLAZING A DESPERATE PATH TO FREEDOM!

BANG!
BANG!
BANG!
BANG!



SUDDENLY, A ROPE APPEARS FROM NOWHERE!

NORA! NORA, DARLING! QUICK-- REACH FOR THE ROPE!

DAD! OHHH DAD!



I'LL KILL YOU ALL, YOU FOOLS! DROP THAT ROPE, CARLIN! DROP IT!



GIVE YOUR DAD A HAND WITH THAT ROPE, NORA! I AIM TO TAKE CARE OF THAT MONSTER AND HIS MASTER BOTH!

BANG!

AS WHIP LEAPS FOR THE ROPE--HIS FINAL SHOT PIERCES THE MONSTER'S BRAIN!



BUT AS WHIP REACHES SAFETY, MORROW RAISES HIS RIFLE AND FIRES--CARLIN'S LESS BUCKLE AND HE PLUNGES TO HIS ODOM!

O-DAD! DAD! OHHHH!

ARGH!

BANG!



O-DAD! POOR DAD! IT WAS THE ONLY DECENT THING HE EVER DID!

THAT MURDERIN' COYOTES GONNA TASTE HIS OWN MEDICINE!

BANG!



HALF AN HOUR LATER!

I'M GRATEFUL FOR EVERYTHING YOU'VE DONE, WH-WHIP! YOU SAVED ME FROM MARRIYNG OR MORROW, BUT THERE ARE SOME MEN I WOULDN'T MINE MARRIYNG AT ALL!

OH--ER-- YES--W-WELL, I GOTTA B-BE GOIN! UH-- ADIOS, MISS CARLIN!

THE END

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